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He laid the offering, duly purified,  
 Upon the altar, and on every side  
 He dug a trench around it, deep and wide.  
 "Fill it with water till it overflows,"  
 He bade them next. Then at the long day's close,  
 Even at the Mincha hour, Elijah's prayer arose.

O Lord of all!  
 God of my fathers, hear me when I call.  
     Let it be known  
 For evermore that thou art Lord alone;  
     That I, even I,  
 Thy servant am, who still unceasingly  
     To serve thee run,  
 And at thy bidding all these things have done.  
     Hear, when I pray,  
 And make thy people know thy power this day,  
     And turn once more  
 Their hearts to thee, as in the days of yore!  
 Then fell there fire from heaven at his word,  
 And all the people cried with one accord,  
 "The Lord is God—He only—God and Lord!"

ALICE LUCAS.

## A DIRGE FOR THE NINTH OF AB.

O THOU afflicted, drunken not with wine<sup>1</sup>!  
     Cast to the earth thy timbrel; strip thee bare;  
 Yea, make thee bald<sup>2</sup>; let not thy beauty shine;  
     Despoil of comeliness thy presence fair;  
 Lift up a wailing on the mountain height<sup>3</sup>;  
 Turn thee to all thy borders; seek thy flight.  
     And cry before the Lord  
     For thresholds waste,  
     For thresholds waste;

<sup>1</sup> Isa. li. 21.

<sup>2</sup> Mic. i. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Jer. vii. 29.

Cry for thy little ones  
 Slain of the sword;  
 Lift up thine hands to him,  
 To him implored.

How hath to Zion come the foeman dread,  
 Into the royal city entrance found!  
 How do the reckless feet of strangers tread  
 With step irreverent on the hallowed ground!  
 Lo! when the spoilers stormed the sanctuary  
 They gazed on priests, the guards of sacred rite,  
 Watchmen who kept their charge, and fearlessly  
 Stood by, unflinching 'mid the deadly fight:  
 Until their blood was shed, profuse as when  
 Of yore the Nile was turned to bloody flow;  
 Within the curtain burst unholy men;  
 Yea, even where the High Priest feared to go.  
 They stript of gold thy walls' majestic heights<sup>1</sup>,  
 And the fair windows of thy narrowed lights<sup>2</sup>.

And cry before the Lord  
 For thresholds waste,  
 For thresholds waste;  
 Cry for thy little ones  
 Slain of the sword;  
 Lift up thine hands to him,  
 To him implored.

The voice of Zion's daughter sore doth moan,  
 She walleth from afar in anguish deep,  
 Uttereth the cry of Heshbon overthrown<sup>3</sup>  
 And with the weeping of Mephaath doth weep<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings vi. 21.

<sup>2</sup> The Targum Jonathan ben Uzziel paraphrases this verse in accordance with Jewish tradition: "And they made for the house windows wide outwardly and narrow inwardly." The tradition was that while ordinary windows were constructed by cavities in the walls cut at an angle widening inwardly to admit the rays of light into the building, the windows of the Temple were cut in the opposite way to suggest that the Temple was the true source of light.

<sup>3</sup> Jer. xlviii. 34.

<sup>4</sup> Jer. xlviii. 21.

Woe! I have drunk the cup, have drained it! Woe!

Lions with savage fangs have me undone,  
Daughter of Babylon, that liest low<sup>1</sup>!

Daughter of Edom, O thou guilty one!  
Wherefore, O Zion, art bewailing thee  
O'er this thy doom? for lo! thy sin is known:

By the abundance of iniquity  
Beholdest thou the exile of thine own;  
For that thy watchman true thou didst forsake,  
To hearken unto words false omens spake.

And cry before the Lord  
For thresholds waste,  
For thresholds waste;  
Cry for thy little ones  
Slain of the sword;  
Lift up thine hands to him,  
To him implored.

Rejoice not, O mine enemy, o'er my pain<sup>2</sup>,  
O'er the destruction that hath come to me,  
For though I fall I shall arise again<sup>2</sup>;  
The Lord yet helpeth me; yea, even he  
Who scattered, in his burning wrath, his flock,  
Shall gather me once more within his fold;  
He shall deliver me from thee; my Rock  
Shall free his servant, to thy bondage sold.  
Then unto thee shall pass the brimming bowl,  
The cup whose bitterness hath filled my soul.

And cry before the Lord  
For thresholds waste,  
For thresholds waste;  
Cry for thy little ones  
Slain of the sword;  
Lift up thine hands to him,  
To him implored.

NINA DAVIS.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxxvii. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Mic. vii. 8.